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Window



145 8 12

Chapter 1 by PuppyLover

Every window in your house is normal? Isn't it? Or does everyone have a window like me? Every time at 3:00 a.m my window has a shadow, not like a shadow from the sun, but a shadow from something outside. For instance, last night I woke up from a feeling that someone was watching me. I looked through my window and sure enough I saw a shadow of someone or something staring at me.

Chapter 2 by -



Poem: Look through the window, a gust of light.

Now, I look out the window every night. I sleep only during the day. Because one of these times, I am going to catch another glimpse of the shadowy figure who watches me by the light of the moon.

Tonight I saw it. A strange flash of light, *white* light. Like lightening incarnate.

But how is that even possible. I must be wrong. Yes, that is it. I have been staring out into the darkness so long, my eyes are playing tricks with me.

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In the blink of an eye it flashed inside. Yes, right through my window. It buzzed around my room like a bee trapped in a net. Angry and frustrated.

I kept my gaze fixed upon it as the light fell on spot. Slowly, so quietly, its glow began to fade. And from the inner white came a man dressed in fright.

From the tops of his frizzy hair to the bottom of his pointed soles, emanated an electrical force. It was so strong, my hair stood up straight and my legs began to shake.

But what happened next I do not know. Only I was blinded by a light so strong, I fell in mental shock.

And awoke, somewhere unknown...

Chapter 4 by Vyktoria Vetrov



Slumped on a cold metallic floor, I could feel the wet beneath my trousers. Had I wet myself? Or had I landed in a puddle of water? That should have been the last question on my mind right now.

As I begin to wipe my eyes, I start to feel a sense of fear, confusion and anxiousness all in one. My vision still seemed to be limited, and it scared me even more not being able to see clearly.

So, without hesitation, I attempted to stand, and as Strange as it seemed, It felt as though my whole body had levitated into the air. Instinctively, I panicked. My whole body twisting and turning through what seemed to be nothing but empty space.

I start to scream, lifting my hands to my face I began scratching at my eyes. Kicking at the air with no direction. My breathing becoming more shallow, and my heartbeat thrumming through my ears. Hyperventilation started to take over, and before I knew it, I was unconscious.

Chapter 5 by adware



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"Resilient." The man says dryly, impatiently.

I feel myself being lifted, levitating again.

"What are you doing?!" I scream.

"Landscaping." He replies, letting me hang there.

"What? Why are you doing this?"

"It's my property. And I don't like my view."

I couldn't believe the nerve of this demonic cretin.

"Your property, your view? This is my home."

He thought, biting the corners of his mouth.

"Interesting thought. But I disagree. My property."

He gestures through my window at the great outdoors.

"That is my home. Directly on the other side of that window. So you see my claim."

I follow his pointing, but not his point.

"What do you mean? The whole world can't be your home?"

He thinks again.

"Very interesting, but again I disagree. I treat it as my home, what other requirement must it meet?"

"I... I..." I stammer. He huffs-- this is not a patient man. This is not a man at all.

"Come."

He curls his finger in a beckon, and the motion pulls me to hover above his head. I look down-- every hair on his head is whipping, coiling, uncoiling, hissing like a live wire. Each straightens, shoots a separate bolt of electricity at me. I mash my eyes shut, but I feel no pain.

When I open my eyes, I am in a garden outside an estate, puffed with wealth and good fortune in its accents and ornamentation. Through the window I can see warm golden light enshrining a happy family having dinner, like bees smothered in honey. The man smiles for the first time with his eyes, watching them as he speaks.

"Sometimes I like to look out at my garden, through one of my windows. Sometimes, such as in the case with your "home", I find the view-- depressing. Anarchic, disappointing disarray-- the life in here is an eyesore, despite my efforts to cultivate a perfect garden."

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"That's exactly it, Waller. That's exactly it."

Attention and best effort.

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